

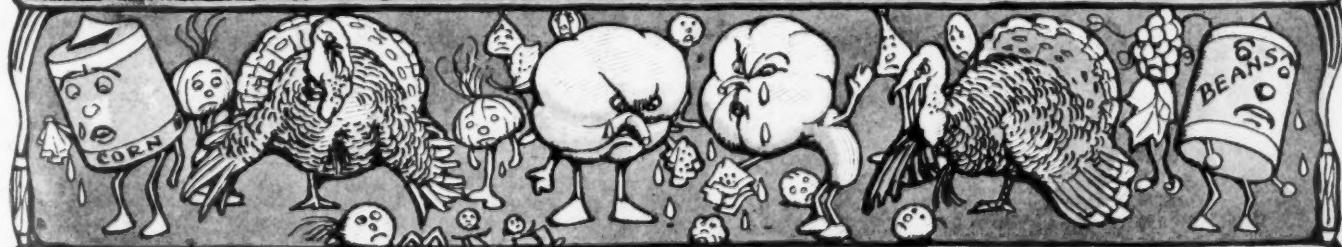
VOLUME XXXVIII.

NEW YORK, NOV. 28, 1901.

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NUMBER 995.

LIFE



THE VEGETARIAN'S THANKSGIVING

The Funniest Book of the Year

Mr. Munchausen

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS RECENT ADVENTURES



Copyright, 1901, by
NOYES, PLATT & COMPANY.

By

JOHN
KENDRICK
BANGS

With 15
Pictures in
Color by
Peter Newell

The funniest
fancies
Mr. Bangs
ever wrote
and the
funniest pictures
Mr. Newell
ever drew

Order it
and be merry

All
Bookstores
\$1.50

NOYES, PLATT & COMPANY, Boston

A HOUSE PARTY

An account of the stories that were told at a gathering of famous American authors, the story-tellers being introduced by

PAUL LEICESTER FORD

The literary host of the occasion



Last spring plans were made by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Company for what may be called a literary "House Party." The idea was suggested by a casual discussion of the ear-marks of authorship. What is it that distinguishes the work of one writer from that of another? Is it style or a difference in the point of view? Could you tell who wrote a story if the author's name was not given? The questions were so interesting that it was determined to submit them to the reading public.

Invitations to the "House Party" were extended to the following distinguished authors:

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH,
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS,
GEORGE W. CABLE,
WINSTON CHURCHILL,
MARION CRAWFORD,
MARGARET DELAND,
PAUL LEICESTER FORD,
JOHN FOX, JR.,

HAMLIN GARLAND,
ROBERT GRANT,
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,
Mrs. BURTON HARRISON,
W. D. HOWELLS,
SARAH ORNE JEWETT,
THOMAS NELSON PAGE,
CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS,
BERTHA RUNKLE,

F. HOPKINSON SMITH,
FRANK R. STOCKTON,
RUTH MCENERY STUART,
BOOTH TARKINGTON,
OCTAVE THANET,
MARK TWAIN,
MARY E. WILKINS,
OWEN WISTER.

Each author was to contribute one story, the stories to be published anonymously. The public was then to be invited to guess the authorship, and to add zest to the contest it was decided to offer a prize of

One Thousand Dollars for the Right Guess

Twelve of the authors above named accepted and have each told one story. These stories are all published together in our latest book entitled "A HOUSE PARTY," which will appeal not only to every person of literary taste, but to every lover of good stories.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST are given in full in the book, together with a guessing coupon, which is to be detached and mailed to the publishers. If more than one person guesses the correct authorship of the twelve stories, the thousand dollars will be divided among the winners. If no correct answer is received, the nearest correct will win the prize. All guesses must be in by December 31.

For sale by booksellers, or send \$1.50 to the publishers

SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY, Publishers, BOSTON

Are You Trying for the Sylvia Prize—\$500?

Sylvia is the heroine of the popular new novel, entitled *Sylvia: The Story of an American Countess*. She lived abroad, and is described by one of her admirers as "THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN EUROPE." Twelve artists, known for their types of beautiful women, were invited each to make a drawing expressing his idea of the charming heroine. Their pictures are all reproduced in the book. By a natural suggestion, all persons who like a good story and admire beautiful women are now invited to give their opinion of the types represented.



Sylvia
AS IMAGINED BY C. ALLAN GILBERT

SYLVIA: *The Story
of an AMERICAN
COUNTESS*

By EVALYN EMERSON

With Pictures of the Heroine by
Albert R. Blashfield, Carle J. Blenner, J. Willis Champney, Howard Chandler Christy, Louis Cox, Joseph De Camp, John Elliott, C. Allan Gilbert, Albert Herter, Henry Hutt, Alice Barber Stephens, A. B. Wenzell.

The person whose choice comes nearest to the choice of the majority will receive A PRIZE OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS (\$500.00).

The book itself is a charming and clever love story, readable and interesting from cover to cover. The voting is very simple. Each volume contains full particulars and a slip on which the reader is to register his choice. It is a matter on which every one will naturally have an opinion; and the prize of \$500.00 is worth guessing for. Order through the bookstores or send \$1.50 direct to the publishers. (This picture copyright 1901 by)

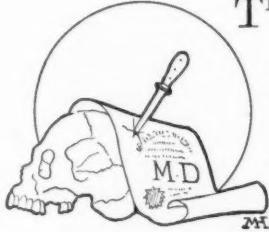
LIFE



— Oliver Johnson —

A CELESTIAL RAREBIT.
WHY THE MOON IS MADE OF GREEN CHEESE.

Come Over, Doctor Koch.



THERE'S a famous German doctor man who has a wondrous way Of curing the incurables, or so the papers say. Consumption, cancer, lunacy are microbe things, you know,

Strange straddle-bugs that in your veins do gambol to and fro, But these microscopic sinners reap the sure reward of sin When the little German doctor shoots his antitoxine in.

We need you in America, O doctor, wondrous wise. You'll discover here diseases that will thrill you with surprise. Come to all the politicians and the statesmen that you see Whose veins are fairly swarming with the presidential bee. This microbe is a hummer, strenuous and full of gimp, And he's crying out for treatment with a prophylactic lymph. There's the mentioned-in-the-papers bug, a most peculiar itch That wanders freely in the veins of all the newly rich. There's the office-seeking maggot, clinging to the latest breath,

And the poetry bacillus, quite a cause of sudden death; While the social problem centipede, the mental science mite, Go climbing through some people till they cannot sleep at night. And so, wise German doctor, we invite you to our shores. Bring your hypodermic syringe and inoculate the bores, For the straddle-bugs of boredom are a most persistent lot. And they'll need extensive treatment with a serum that is hot. You'll find within the Yankee veins most wondrous kinds of shrimp, And they're crying out for treatment with a prophylactic lymph.

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."
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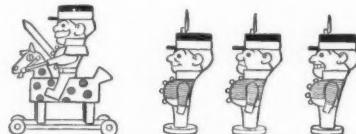
such innovations as an increase in the number and the size of the hounds, and occasional duplication of some of the chief characters. For some perplexing reason it is considered a play that is suited to children, and thousands of sorrowing infants shed innocent tears over it every year. Historically it may be of some value to the rising generation, and perhaps it is its historical value that keeps it alive. But of course it belongs to a past that is dead, and it is not of the least use in shaping opinion or giving anyone a notion of contemporary conditions. The present day negro problem in the South affords situations of lively interest and stories of great dramatic potentiality. It is commended to the attention of dramatists who are looking out for a topic. If the Southern negro as he was is a subject of such undying interest, the Southern negro as he is, though less picturesque and more perplexing, might hold the boards profitably if he were rightly put on them. But the job must be well done,

with truth and fairness, if it be done at all, and that will not be easy. God made the negro with a black skin and different in other important particulars from white men. It is no part of his duty to apologize either to his Maker or to the rest of creation for being a negro. His affair is to take himself as he finds himself and make the very most of what he is. The white man's duty, when whites and blacks live together, is to help him. That is not only the white man's duty, but his best policy, for if he is to live with negroes, it is far better for him to have as his neighbors intelligent, responsible and orderly negroes than ignorant and barbarous ones. But the white man has a duty to himself, too. God made him a white man, and a white man he is entitled to remain, and no part of his duty to the negro includes the impairment of his own stock by a negro admixture.

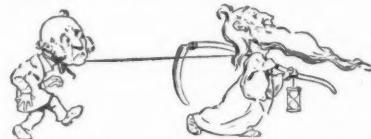
THE ruling white men at the South are intensely bent on maintaining the purity of their own race and avoiding the rise of a blended stock, less able than the pure white and less strong, physically, than the negro. They feel it to be a danger that the two races will blend unless a sentiment of requisite intensity is maintained against it. Accordingly, they constantly labor to keep up a social barrier between whites and blacks. They are not wrong in that. They are merely working for their own salvation. Often enough, they seem to us in the North to overstep the mark. But their excesses are excesses in a course that is not necessarily in itself unrighteous or even inexpedient. The great majority of Northern men believe as fully as their Southern brethren that the negro and the white races must develop separately, though living side by side, in mutual good will, and in more or less intimate commercial and political relations. The negro must have better than a fair chance to develop, and must be assured of security in his property rights and in such political rights as he is fit for. He must not be balked of the rewards of his labor or his progress. All of this, the leading Southern men concede today, and practically the negro race has

in the South the best chance to succeed that is offered it anywhere. Social equality is not offered to the negro race anywhere in the United States, though some approach to it is enjoyed in the North by some negroes of great individual distinction and worth. There is nothing to hinder relations of affection, of mutual help, and of mutual honor between blacks and whites in the United States, but there is an insuperable objection to racial admixture of blood.

That is the situation to-day. Two races pressing forward side by side, but separate, and growing apart rather than together. Will any dramatist draw the picture? He may look ahead if he chooses and picture what will be a century from now when there are negro gentlemen (there are some already) and negro millionaires.



THE Board of Visitors to West Point recommends for the cadets better barracks, running water, baths, more hospital room, a new chapel with a new organ in it, a new hotel and increased pay. The Board says the cadets are ill-housed and underpaid, that their chapel organ is a disgrace, and that the hotel where their visitors and investigators have to put up is a "mere hut." Here's hoping that Congress will pay attention to the Board's report and do something handsome for the Military Academy.



THE New York Evening Post is a hundred years old. It has shown at times in the past some infirmity of temper, but never any of the infirmities of age. It is decent; it is intelligent; it has individuality and a conscience; it is interesting, and it uses clear type and good paper. To read the *Evening Post* is one of the most respectable and remunerative occupations that our local civilization affords. Here's hoping that its second century may be even more prosperous and useful than its first.

To Everybody.



THE 1000th number of LIFE is approaching. Preparations are now in progress for the celebration of this momentous event.

This number, dated December 26th, will be issued the day before Christmas. It will be the regular issue of that week, containing many more pages than usual, and richly illustrated and embellished by such historical personage as will convey to LIFE's readers some idea of his experience in arriving at his present estate.

A cover of special import has been designed by Mr. Gibson for this unique publication. This 1000th number, a tribute to those who have made the paper what it is, will prove of exceptional interest to all who have followed LIFE's career.

Turning the Tables.

AT the death of Li Hung Chang, it was reported that many of his compatriots had strewn paper horses and carriages on his grave so that he might the more easily ascend to heaven. Many people, upon hearing this, laughed, thinking probably that the customs of the Chinese are very ludicrous. Our ways, however, appear as ridiculous to them.

The day before the Chinese New Year, the mistress of one of San Francisco's fine homes went into her kitchen to give an order to her Chinese cook, Lem. To her surprise, she noticed that he was preparing a very curious mixture which she had not ordered.

MRS. R.: What is that, Lem?



Mr. Frog: OH, WHAT A GLORIOUS THANKSGIVING WORM! I FEEL SORRY FOR PEOPLE WHO HAVE TO EAT TURKEY TO-DAY.



POPULAR SONG.

"IT'S THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN THAT DOES THE WORK."

LEM.: Me got frien' in grabeyard. To-morrow Chinee New Year. Me go put this by his grave for him.

"Why, Lem! Do you think your friend will come out of his grave to eat the food you put there?"

Lem drew himself up and retorted with a cold scorn worthy of his predecessor, Confucius.

"You t'ink your frien' come out his grave to smell flowers you put there?"

Walter Scamp Chooses the All-Animal Team for 1901.

(Apologies are tendered where most needed.)

LEFT end, Wolff of Columbia.

Left tackle, Stagg of University of Chicago.

Left guard, Swan of Yale.

Center, Lyon of Harvard 2d.

Right guard, Bullock of Dartmouth.

Right tackle, Hart of Yale.

Right end, Hare of Pennsylvania.

Quarter-back, Fox of Mt. Carmel.

Left half-back, Griffen of New York University.

Right half-back, Beaver of Carlisle Indians.

Full-back, Campbell of Harvard.

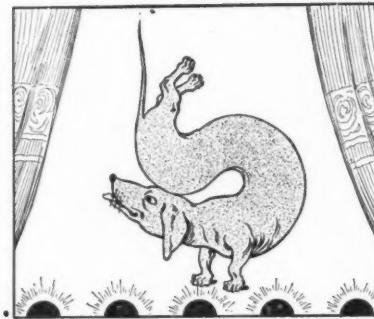
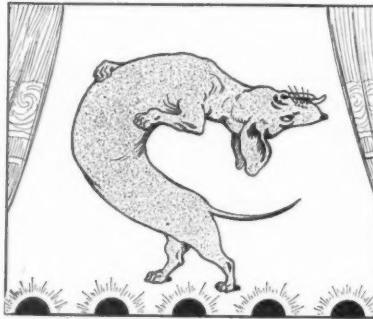
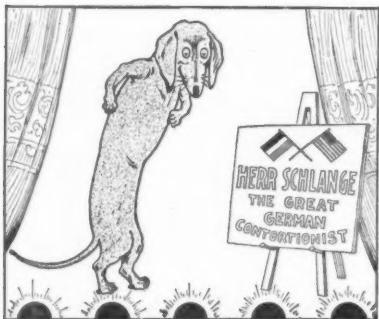
Laudable.

"I SEE that Ernest Seton-Thompson has changed his name, at the same time that he has accepted a position on *The Ladies' Home Journal*."

"Only a natural desire to conceal his identity."

•LIFE•

THE DACHSHUND IN VAUDEVILLE.



AGNES REPLIER has written a really remarkable book about cats, noting their every appearance in legend, literature and art since their early sinecure as Egyptian deities. Miss Replier evidently loves her subject, and there seems to be no record from hieroglyphic to nursery-rhyme which she has not consulted in writing *The Household Sphinx*. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$2.00.)

An interesting panoramic glimpse of the passing of the Sioux and the final and definitive invasion of the great West by civilization is given by Stewart Edward White in *The Westerners*. The story lacks strength and cohesion at the end, but its merits outweigh its faults. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

B. K. Benson, who last winter published a very long and very dull Civil War story called *Who Goes There?*, has answered his own question in a sequel, *A Friend with the Countersign*. It is equally long and equally dull. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

W. W. Jacobs is an expert at telling what happened to Jack Tar—or what Jack says happened to him. A new volume of his sea yarns, called *Light Freights*, contains some extremely amusing stories. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

Truly, business methods are making their way into literature. *Sylvia*, by Evalyn Emerson, a combination of a novel and a beauty guessing contest, is the latest development. Judging from the story, the promoters are trusting to the prize coupon for their circulation. (Small, Maynard and Company. \$1.50.)

In *Circumstance*, S. Weir Mitchell's new book, that author is at his best. The story

is one of modern Philadelphia society and adds the interest of a good plot to the conversational charm of *Dr. North and His Friends*. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

The Cavalier, by George W. Cable, is a sprightly romance of Civil War days in Louisiana. It is good reading, but remarkable neither as to subject nor treatment. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Round Rabbit," By Agnes Lee. (Small, Maynard and Company. \$1.20.)

"Lights of Childhood," By Maud Ballington Booth. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35.)

"The Devastators," By Ada Cambridge. (D. Appleton and Company. 50c.)

"Modern Bridge," By Slam. (Longmans, Green and Company.)

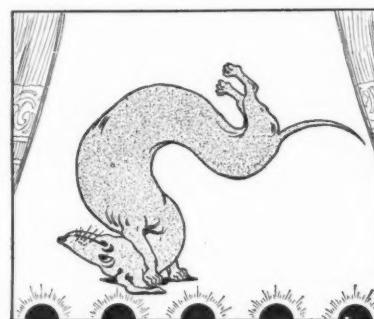
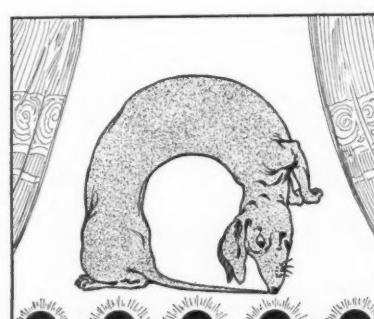
"Lincoln and Other Poems," By Edwin Markham. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.00.)

"Alice in Wonderland" has a new interpreter, Mr. Peter Newell, whose original pictorial genius seems peculiarly in chime with Lewis Carroll's masterpiece. The book is one of the handsomest children's books ever issued. (Harper and Brothers. \$3.00.)

THAT poor old addled spectre, Dr. Mary Walker, is reported to be in danger of losing her pension because of her "treasonable utterances" following the shooting of McKinley.

Dear, dear! Is Dr. Mary of sufficient mental responsibility to be capable of treasonable utterances? Let her pension alone, good Mr. Commissioner. What she says doesn't count. Did you ever see her? A woman who looks as she does in trousers has been punished long since for all the indiscretions of speech or conduct she can ever commit.

THE sense of duty done either brings happiness or consoles for the absence of it.





THE FAIR ONE OF THE GOLDEN ROCKS



NOT long ago, in a Western city, there lived a Railroad King. He was old and plebeian, so, when he heard of a fair aristocrat with ample rocks in the Eastern metropolis, he thought it would be a good plan to consolidate. Just as he was about to go East, an attack of lumbago confined him to his room, so he sent his nephew, Cummings, a rising young man, to look over the ground.

As Cummings was approaching the Fair One's country place with his dachshund at his heels, he saw a grasshopper about to be dismembered by a child in the pursuit of nature study. He rescued the unfortunate insect, who hopped away, blithely assuring him of help in time of need.

Further on at the porter's lodge he found a little boy hammering a tack. "Cruel child!" he exclaimed, seizing the tack and throwing it over the fence. "How would you like to be hammered on the head?" And the little tack promised to remember his kindness.

Just as he was approaching the house, a cat ran by with a little mole in its mouth. Cummings set the dachshund on the fierce beast, and, never having seen one, she fled, while the little mole swore eternal devotion to his preserver.

At the door Cummings sent up his card with a letter from his uncle, who had known the Fair One's father in several deals.

When at last she appeared, he was dazzled by her beauty and almost petrified by her manner. After some general conversation on the weather, he intimated his errand with great delicacy.

"Before I give your uncle any encouragement," she said, "you must perform three difficult feats. To-morrow you must break the record on our golf links."

Cummings asserted his willingness to try and went out to look over the ground. He reached the eighteenth hole in despair.

"Fear not," chirped a little voice beside him, "I will be here."

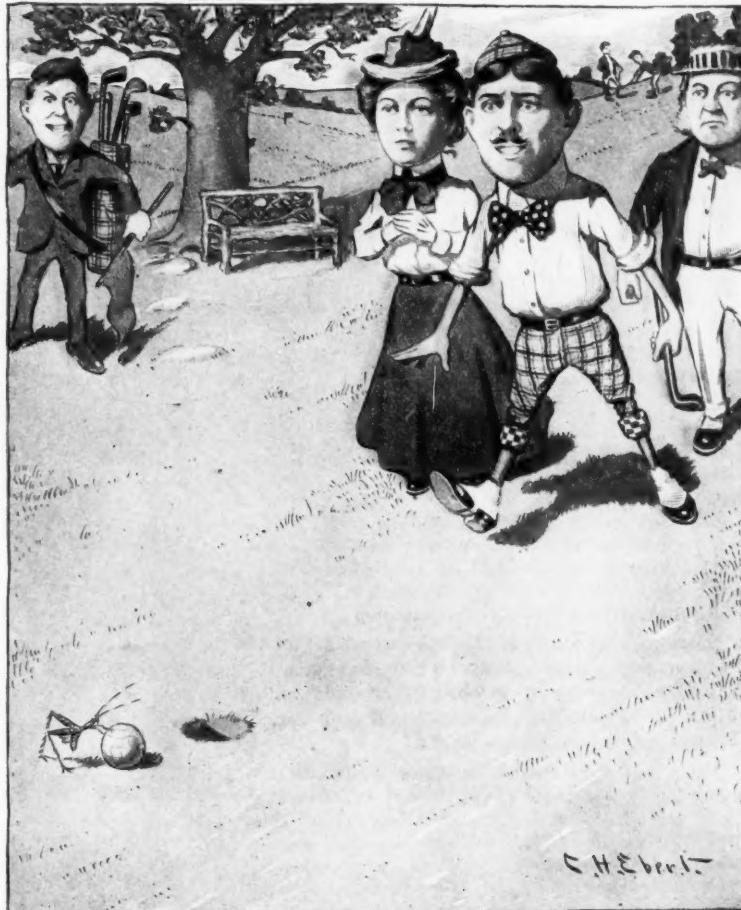
The next day dawned faultlessly rainy. A large crowd turned out to follow Cummings. His play was wonderful, but when he reached the eighteenth teeing ground, he was only two under the bogie. With a desperate contortion he drove off. The ball fell on the green and rolled slowly at a strange angle into the hole. The spectators could not see the grasshopper skip merrily away.

After congratulating Cummings the Fair One said, "To-morrow you must beat me in a five-mile automobile race."

Cummings walked over the road with grave misgivings, for he did not notice the little tack. The race proved a thrilling one, wheel to wheel, until in the last quarter mile the Fair One suddenly slowed up and came in with a punctured tire.

"To-morrow," she declared, "you must win the steeple-chase."

Cummings went over the ground in deep dejection and



"The ball rolled at a strange angle into the hole."

he did not notice a whispered conference between his dachs and a little mole. "Master," said the faithful dog, "remember that it is always best to keep to the right."

The chase was a wild one. Cummings and the Fair One's cousin were neck and neck until, just before the last hurdle, the cousin's horse on the left stepped in a mole hole and pitched his rider head over heels.

The Fair One acknowledged Cummings' victory and packed her trousseau for the West with high anticipations of the uncle of such a nephew. The Railroad King was delighted and spared no expense on the nuptials. It was not long, however, before he became jealous of the Platonic affection between his wife and his nephew, Cummings. So insane was his feeling that he retired Cummings to the position from which he had risen as baggage master in a female college town, where he was obliged to perform the most Herculean tasks at vacations and to twirl his thumbs between times.

The Fair One's letters were intercepted and she would never have known where he languished if the faithful dachshund had not teetered out to her private car one day, as she stopped in passing through the town. She sprang to the platform and followed the dog to the baggage room, where she clasped the grimy hands of Cummings in her own. The Railroad King had followed. He was so enraged by what he saw that he went home on a special and expired of jaundice within a week.

As there was then nothing to prevent, the Fair One of the Golden Rocks wedded the obscure baggage smasher, and as Mr. and Mrs. Cummings they lived happily ever after.

Katherine L. Mead.

On Their Own Testimony.

Jewish Sentiment, of October 25, contains a cleverly written argument by W. M. Reedy, going to prove that anti-Semitism in America is on the increase. Among other things, he says:

I find in the issue of New York *LIFE* for the week of October 2, these sentences: "There is little sympathy here in America for the Jew. He has contaminated everything in American life that he has touched." *LIFE* is a typical American publication, in my opinion. It is anti-Jewish beyond any other publication in the land. It is exceedingly prosperous and very influential. It makes its appeal to the refined and cultured elements, yet it rarely fails to cast ignominy on the Jews. . . . The two sentences quoted from *LIFE* are false.

The editorial columns of *Jewish Sentiment* are conservative in tone and may be taken as expressing with the voice of authority the opinion of Jews of refinement. In commenting on Mr. Reedy's article that journal says:

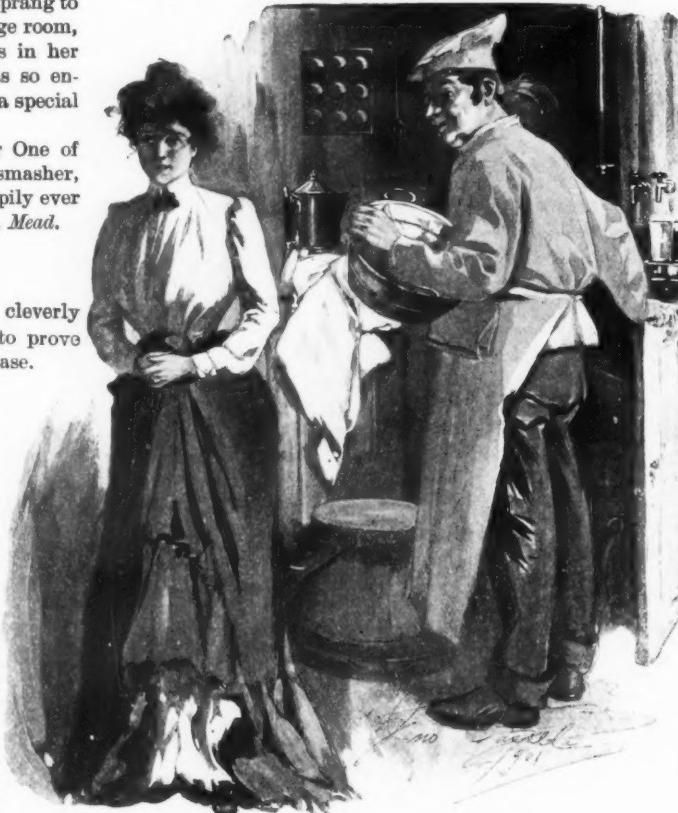
We have always contended that men entitled to social recognition are welcomed by every society regardless of religion, nationality or wealth. It is the prejudice of the Jew, for or against the Jew, which bars the doors of many hotels and summer resorts against them all. *And sensible Jews can find no just cause for complaining against these hotel and resort keepers.* No lady or gentleman

cares to come in contact with loud, vulgar, ignorant or self-assertive people whether they be Jews or non-Jews, whether they are rich or poor. That is all there is in the question, and *until the Jews insist upon a higher standard and exclude the unworthy from social equality, just so long will the Jews, as an entire people, be excluded and ostracized.* This may not be palatable, but it is true.

There is a promising benefit in it all. When the ambitious young Jew is made to understand that by his actual worth only, is he gauged, then, and not until then, will he devote a little time to self-improvement. . . . The first step higher will be happily passed, and no more will the hotels and summer resorts find reason to advertise "No Jews wanted." It is the offensive attitude of some Jews, and not the Jewish religion, which excludes all Jews from certain societies, clubs and desirable resorts.

The Italics are ours. When Jews themselves admit that in America the majority of their race are "loud, vulgar, ignorant and self-assertive," Mr. Reedy's defence of them against *LIFE*'s statements to the same effect seems slightly superfluous.

THE top is for those who are looking for room rather than company.



A SURPRISE FOR CHARLEY CASSEL.

The Bride: JOHN, DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HIGH BALLS?
"WHY, ER—ER, Y—YES'M."
"THEN I WISH YOU WOULD COOK SEVERAL FOR MY HUSBAND'S DINNER. I HEARD HIM TELL A FRIEND THAT HE DEARLY LOVED THEM."

The Reason.



She: ARE YOU AS GOOD A JUDGE OF HORSES AS YOU ARE OF—WIVES?
The Widower: WELL, I CAN'T SAY I AM. I'VE ONLY LOST ONE FORTUNE THROUGH HORSES.

LIFE'S ANECDOTE CONTEST.

IT is important that contestants should comply strictly with the conditions of this contest, which will be found in our adver-

tising pages. Several contributors have sent in anecdotes from the bound volumes of periodicals. This is not permissible.

STREET and park and boulevard were bare and ugly and dusty. Winter looked upon them and pitied.

"What a miserable city!" he said. "How desolate it must feel, abandoned thus in turn by Spring and Summer and Fall. I will be kind to it, poor thing."

Forthwith he sent a mantle of marvelous white to clothe its nakedness. Where once had been emerald was now pearl—and the pearl was the more beautiful.

But alas for the fairy cloak! Instantly, householder and janitor, cobbler and merchant, painter and poet, sallied out with shovels and brooms and hurled it from their premises; great plows slashed it, and ground it into the dirt; thousands of dollars were spent in carting it away, and dumping it into river and ocean and vacant lot; chimneys spread their black spume over it; women lifted high their skirts to avoid touching it; the populace seemed to hate it; only a few children acted pleased.

Within a very short space of time the city was dingy and grim and hideous, as before.

Winter was aghast.

He tried again, and his effort gained the same reception.

"I declare!" he exclaimed in disgust, "this is enough to snap the patience of a saint!"

Straightway he withdrew to the Colorado gulches and had a fit, and did not come back. And annually the wail goes up:

"Oh, why can't we have the real old-fashioned weather—the forty days of sleighing that our fathers knew?"

Edwin L. Sabin.

Difference.

"THEY differ as to religion."

"Why, I didn't suppose that either of them cared a rap about religion!"

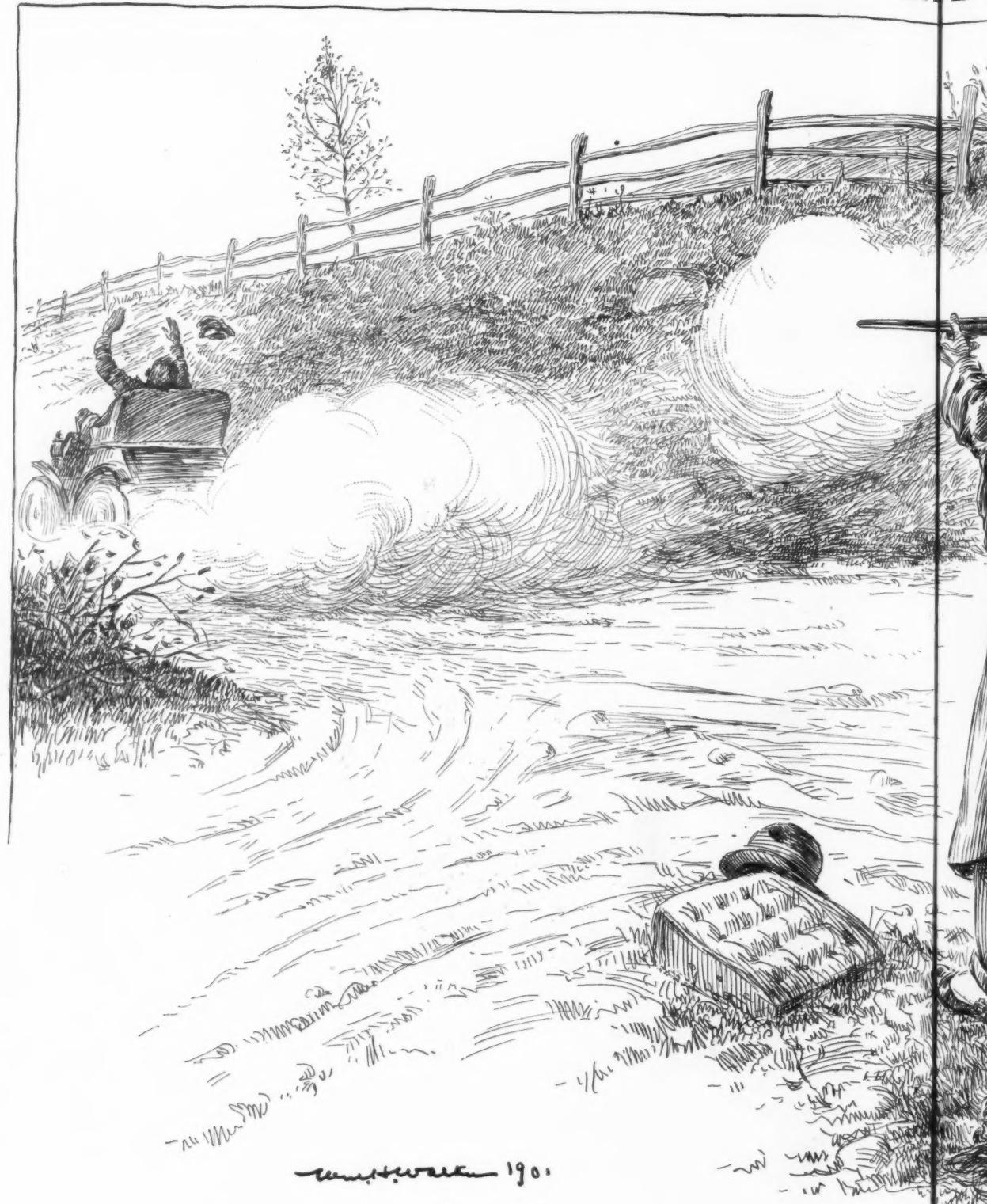
"Well, they didn't, until they found out that they differed as to it!"

An Exception.

"ALL the world loves a lover."

"Yes, except the gas companies."

• LIFE •



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MUST WE TAKE THE LAW IN OUR

IFE.



THE LAW IN OUR OWN HANDS?

• LIFE •



Dramas of Places.



present-day demands play-producers find a sure reward in laying their principal stress on accurate scenic reproduction. It may be that our public has reached a point where the scenes of Rome and early Denmark make too strong a draft on the intellect to be interesting. Our play-writers seem to be going on the theory that they make a subterfuge appeal to their audiences when a real cow, or a real hen, or a real pump is shown on the stage. They apparently figure that the spectator's intelligence is flattered when he is able to discover the author's meaning by recognizing that a cow is a cow, because he has seen a cow before, and by going through the same complicated mental processes with regard to the hen and the pump. This is not a very flattering view of the intelligence of New York audiences, but it seems to be the correct one when so many of our best theatres present plays of this kind, and to paying patronage.

* * *

THREE of our stages are occupied by rural New England depicted more in accurate scenic detail than by attractiveness of play and character. To the Republic comes "Under Southern Skies," another piece which makes its bid for popularity largely on its faithfulness to local coloring. The atmosphere of Louisiana, where the scene is laid, is pleasanter and more poetic than that of New England and agreeably appeals to the sense of the idyllic. It is also very well set and very well cast, but as a play only it is a not very clever rearrange-

ment of dramatic motives which have been worn threadbare. It is the vehicle for putting forth the abilities of Grace George. These are not powerful, but she is sufficient to the demands of the part, and her pleasing personality makes her performance an agreeable one. Mr. Ralph Stuart manages to impart a decided originality to the hero, who, less cleverly played, would have been very tame indeed. The same may be said of two fire-eating Southerners depicted by Mr. Burr McIntosh and Mr. Thomas Burns.

"Under Southern Skies" is far from being a great play, but it is made interesting and pleasing by the manner of its presentation.

* * *

IN his alphabetic reproduction of the atmospheres of the States Mr. Augustus Thomas has reached the letter "C," his present title being "Colorado." This play also depends for its interest largely on local coloring, although it must be admitted that Mr. Thomas supplies a strenuous

plot and several marked characters. The plot gets pretty close to the Bowery in its melodramatic features, and his characters suffer somewhat by their interpretation. The central figure in the play, for instance, is the man who has made much money through a lucky turn in the vicissitudes of mining and who thereby becomes a power locally and nationally.

Such characters have been known, but in some way Mr. Wilton Lackaye fails to make this particular one plausible. His *Tom Doyle* is too apparently a stage creation, too little the real man, to carry much illusion to the spectator. The author evidently had in mind a very possible and very clear-cut individual. Mr. Lackaye makes him a *poseur* and therefore unconvincing. The same criticism might be applied to Mr. Francis Carlisle as the gambler-villain, except that in his part posing is the conventional thing and therefore not so conspicuously remote from the ideal. The best bits of character work in this play, in which so much depends upon character, are the parts of the old prospector and his suddenly-rich wife, acted by Mr. Horace Lewis and Rose Cooke. The more conventional characters of *Doyle's* wife and daughter are agreeably done by Maude Hoffman and Violet Rand.

"Colorado" is good, strong diet after some of the wishy-washy things we have had of late, but Mr. Thomas is evidently following the prevalent fad of making local color take the place of brains in lines and story. Nevertheless, the play contains two or three "thrills" and is worth sitting through.

* * *

IT is positively denied that Mr. Gillette will smoke a genuine Havana cigar while he recites the soliloquy in his forthcoming production of "Hamlet." Mr.



Photograph by Marceau, New York.

MISS MAUDE HOFFMAN, IN "COLORADO."

Charles Frohman, his presenter, is too close a student of history to allow such an anachronism.

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES

Academy of Music.—Spectacular production of "Way Down East."

Broadway.—Big ballet, gorgeous scenery and clever comedians in extravaganza, "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast."

Bijou.—"The Auctioneer," with David Warfield's artistic portrayal of the East-side Jew.

Daly's.—"The Messenger Boy." Fairly clever musical comedy. Well done.

Empire.—"The Second in Command." Polite society play, with Mr. John Drew as the star.

Fourteenth Street.—Mr. Presbrey's "New England Folks." New England play which tells a story.

Garden.—Last week of "If I Were King." E. H. Sothern and competent company in an excellent play excellently staged.

Garrick.—Charles Hawtrey in "A Message from Mars." Fanciful but clever play well presented by English company.

Herald Square.—Last week of "The New Yorkers." Amusing.

Knickerbocker.—Maude Adams in "Quality Street." An uninteresting play, with Miss Adams not at her best.

Lyceum.—Last week of Annie Russell in "A Royal Family." Clever play well acted.

Manhattan.—Mrs. Fiske in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch." Notice later.

Madison Square.—"Liberty Belles." Light but amusing.

Republic.—Grace George in "Under Southern Skies." See above.

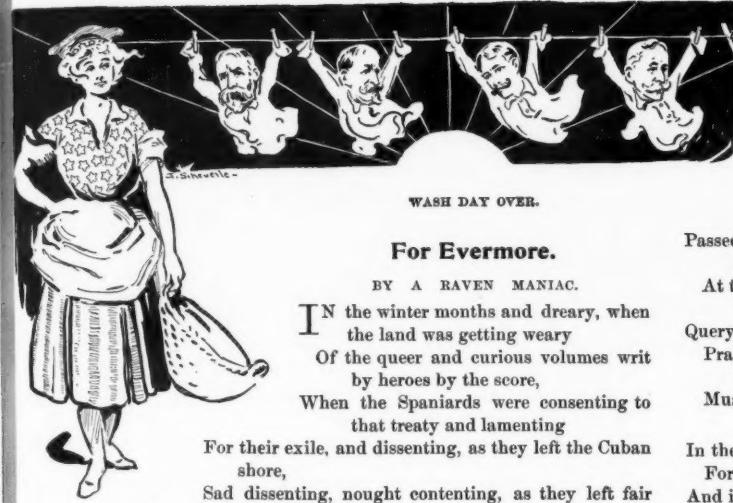
Savoy.—"Eben Holden," with Mr. E. M. Holland in the title part. Rural comedy not especially clever.

Victoria.—"The Way of the World." Another of Mr. Clyde Fitch's faithful dramatic representations of the ways of the smart set.

Wallack's.—Augustus Thomas's "Colorado." See above.

Weber and Fields's Music Hall.—Burlesque on the stage. Extortion at the door.





WASH DAY OVER.

For Evermore.

BY A RAVEN MANIAC.

IN the winter months and dreary, when
the land was getting weary
Of the queer and curious volumes writ
by heroes by the score,
When the Spaniards were consenting to
that treaty and lamenting
For their exile, and dissenting, as they left the Cuban
shore,
Sad dissenting, nought contenting, as they left fair
Cuba's shore,
To return there nevermore

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate, raucous member of our Congress walked the
floor,

Shouting loudly and protesting that the nation was investing
In a gold brick, and contesting, kept the country in a roar—
Gabble of the Constitution kept the country in a roar,
It had never known before.

Floods of wordy castigation for the meek administration
Shrilled me, filled with exasperation never felt before;
Sampson's name and Schley's repeating, now in insult, now in
greeting,
Made the atmosphere as heating, as when on the Southern shore
All the ships the Spanish fleet in sank beside the Southern shore,
Heaps of junk and nothing more.

Presently the cries grew stronger, epithets grew long and longer;
"Schley," said one, "or Sampson," with rancorous anger, to
deplore;
And the fact was there was scrapping, and most ungen'rous
slapping,
And of charts a curious mapping of this much-talked Southern
shore,
And a blaming and a claiming for the work done on that shore.
Blame and claim for evermore.

Men in documents were peering, while John Long was wond'ring,
fearing,
That fast was disappearing what is called *esprit de corps*,
That the navy with its "knockers" quick to Davy Jones's lockers
Was passing, and he wished to list to either name no more,
Wished that Schley and Sampson both were where they'd trouble
him no more;

Merely that and nothing more.

Then to navy bureaus turning, all his soul within him burning,
He shrieked, "I'll stop this rapping, now grown louder than
before";
And in language terse and fiery, ordered he a deep inquiry
That would probe—and maybe tire ye—tire ye leaders to the
core.

"Oh, this row of heroes pains me, cuts me to the very core;
It is wind and nothing more."

Then from ev'ry sea and nation, and from every naval
station
Came sleek officers, and sailors, and lawyers by the
score,
And each one obeisance made he, to the Court just like a
lady,
Or a marshal on parade he, as he spun his battle lore;
While the pallid Court perched list'ning to their endless
battle lore;

Perched and sat and nothing more.

Passed the months in this beguiling, with the scoffing country
smiling
At the grave and stern decorum, which the Courtly countenance
wore,
Querying, "Who is hero, craven? Who of glory shorn and shaven?
Pray, whose ghastly case will cave in ere we reach the nightly
shore?
Must we hear grim specters raving on the night's Plutonian shore
Of this case for evermore?"

In the ages yet impending, ink and pen will be contending
For the merits and demerits of this Schley and Sampson lore;
And in sheol and in heaven, it will be the acrid leaven
Of eternal six and seven for the everlasting bore;
Of the sin that's unforgiven in the everlasting bore:
'Twill go on for evermore.

Joseph Smith.

A Darwinian.

I SOBEL: How perfectly your frock fits, dear. I thought
you college girls soared above such trifles.

HYPATIA: Oh, no! We believe in the survival of the
best fitted.

Life's Board of Inquiry.

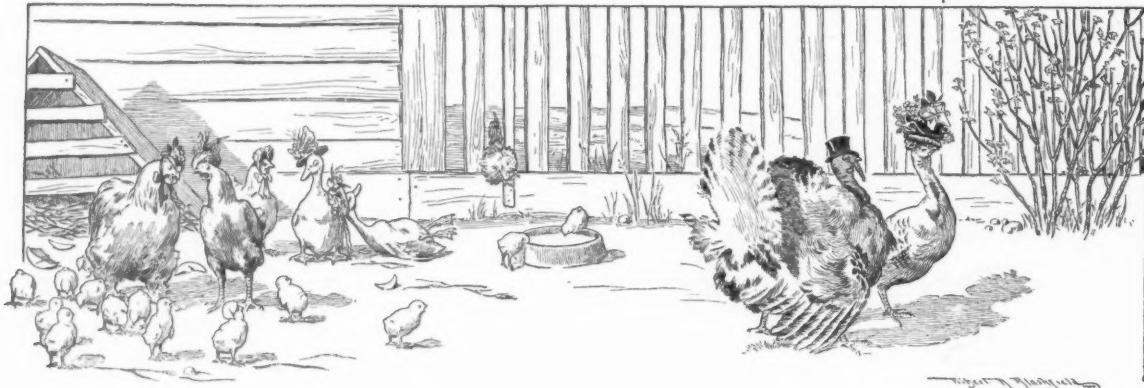
LIFE'S Board of Inquiry is already being severely
criticised because it is contrary to all precedent and
against established usage. It is claimed that every Board
of Inquiry worthy of the name should be as long drawn
out as possible, that every witness should be examined
to the bitter end should tell the story of his past life and as
many other irrelevant details as can be crowded in; and
that the details of the inquiry should be of no possible
interest to anyone.

To make up the Board, Senator B. Tillman and Booker
T. Washington were induced to render their services for



AS THE LIZARD TAKES A QUIET SMOKE.

*The Monkey (excitedly, to the elephant): HI, MISTER! HI, YOU'VE
DROPPED YOUR CIGAR-HOLDER!!*



"IF MY MEMORY SERVES ME THEY DID NOT PUT ON QUITE SO MANY AIRS ABOUT THANKSGIVING TIME."

the decision of this important query :

Has President Roosevelt the right to have the courage of his color-blindness ?

President Roosevelt was the first witness called.

QUESTION BY THE COURT: You admit that you are color-blind?

ANSWER: Yes.

"How long have you been in this deplorable condition?"

"Ever since I was born."

"And when you ask a man to dine with you, you are not able to tell whether he is black or white?"

"If his conversation interests me, I don't care."

"But do you know anything about his color at all?"

"I know what I think his color is."

"Would you mind submitting to a test?"

"Certainly not."

Senator Platt was asked to stand up, and the examination continued.

"Do you know this man?" President Roosevelt was asked.

"Yes."

"What is his color?"

"Sky-blue green."

"Here is another man. His name is Croker. What is his color?"

"Old gold."

"And here is a man named Hearst. His color, please?"

"Chameleon yellow."

"And here's another fine specimen. One Bryan. What does he look like?"

"Oxidized silver."

"And now, here is a mirror. Gaze

in it, please, and give the color of the man you see."

"Red, white and blue."

"That will do, sir."

The next witness was called.

QUESTION: Your name is—

ANSWER: Henry Watterson.

"And your occupation?"

"Presidential possibility."

"Do you think there is any chance of your being the next President?"

"Why, yes. I can beat Bryan."

"What do you think the President ought to do when he invites a friend to a private dinner?"

"He ought to submit the guest's name to a committee of Southern editors for their approval."

"And if they withhold their approval?"

"He should, of course, apologize for even suggesting the name. He should always bear in mind that the opinion of a few Southern editors is of more importance than anything else, and should regulate his conduct accordingly."

The next witness was a woman.

QUESTION: You are a member of the W. C. T. U.?

ANSWER: I am.

"Do you think President Roosevelt has any right to be color-blind?"

"If he wants to be. But he should not look upon the wine when it is red."

"Have you any fault to find with him?"

"Yes. I think all his actions should be governed solely with reference to the organization I represent, and I fear, alas! that he is too independent."

Another woman stood up.

QUESTION: You are—

ANSWER: A Christian Scientist.

"Has President Roosevelt any right to be color-blind?"

"There is no such thing as color-blindness. All is mind. A rose by any other name would still be nothing but a thought."

"Then you approve of the President when he invited to sit at his private table a man thought to be colored?"

"No, sir. If he had read 'Science and Health, with Latch String to the Scriptures,' for fifty-five minutes beforehand, the man he invited would have turned white, and mortal mind would have had no case against him."

At this point the Board went into secret session, and in due course of time evolved the following

FINDINGS :

That President Roosevelt should make a careful study of every organization or class, and having found out their opinions, should be guided solely by their desires.

That the horrid offense of President Roosevelt of being color-blind at a private dinner-party shall be visited on the colored race in the following manner: Every prominent negro in the country shall be compelled to take at least three meals with Senator Tillman.

That President Roosevelt be promptly notified that he has no right to do as he pleases, in a matter which concerns himself only.



1:30 A. M.

Dimpleton: I WAS DETAINED AT THE OFFICE.

Mrs. Dimpleton: WAS IT WORTH SEEING?

LIFE.



THE AMATEUR CHAUFFEUR.

One more enthusiast
Covered with dust;
See him go zipping past—
“Get there or bust!”
Look at the face on him;
One might suppose
Old Nick was chasin’ him
On as he goes.

Look at the goggles he
Wears as he zips;
See how he joggies; he
Sways and he slips
Round the sharp corners and
Scorns all his scorers and
Jiggles and jumps
Knocking dogs silly
And keeping on till he
Runs down or else bumps.

Has he a father?
Has he a mother?
Has he a sister?
Has he a brother?
If so, why don’t they do
Something to bring him to
See what a donkey he
Is, what a monkey he
Looks like up there
On that old rattle trap,
Splitting the air?

—Chicago Record-Herald.

An old mammy, who had known Governor Taylor of Tennessee from his childhood, came into his office, and began at

once to plead for the pardon of her husband, who was then in prison.

“Lawz bress yo’ life, Marse Bob,” she began, “I wish you’d pardn dat po’ ole niggah Jim. He ain’t no good for nullin’ nowhar. He jest dat useless an’ triflin’, even at home, dat he can do no mo’ den sorter scrape aroun’ an’ git a little sompen for we-all to eat, an’ he sholy ain’ no good down dar in dat pen.”

“I can’t do it, aunty,” the Governor said. “I am being abused every day. What’s Jim in there for?” he asked, seeing the light that was left dying out of the old woman’s eyes.

“W’y, Marse Bob, dey jes’ put him in dar for nullin’ ‘pon earth ‘cept takin’ one po’ little ham outen Mr. Smith’s smokehouse. We was often meat, an’ de o’le niggah didn’t do nullin’ ‘cep tek de ham fur ter keep we-all fum starvin’.”

“Well, now suppose I should pardon Jim, what good would that do you? He is so onery and triflin’,” the Governor was saying, when the old woman broke in with the reply:

“W’y bress you, Marse Bob, we is often meat agin, an’ we jes’ got to have anothah ham!”—Louisville Times.

THE Prohibitionist had assailed the Demon Rum mercilessly, and with every fresh onslaught the man with the red nose had applauded.

“Friend,” said the lecturer at last, “you look like one who has been a drinking man.”

“You bet I have been, stranger,” replied the man, earnestly; “but it does my heart good to see you git out after rum. I never did have no use for it. Tain’t a fit drink for any man. You can’t hammer it too hard for me, an’ when you’re through I’ve got a bit of old rye here that’ll warm your heart up good. I like a man that knows what to hit an’ what not to hit.”—Chicago Post.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN makes his boast that he never has been interviewed, and declares that in the last seven years

but one interviewer ever has been able to approach him. This was on a recent trip to Europe, when a representative of the London Times would not take “No” for his answer.

“Tell the Times man my time is worth ten pounds a minute,” at last said Morgan.

The Times man says he’ll take two minutes at that, came back the reply. The interviewer handed Mr. Morgan twenty pounds, talked just two minutes by both their watches, did all the talking himself, and rose to go on the instant.

“Why did you want to see me?” Morgan asked in curiosity.

“Oh, I wagered one hundred pounds that I would interview you personally, that’s all,” was his reply. Morgan congratulated him on his enterprise, and dismissed him within the third minute of his call. When asked, the other day, if he kept the twenty pounds, Morgan said:

“Yes, and I haven’t earned money in a long time that gave me the satisfaction that twenty pounds did.”

—Argonaut.

WHEN I came home yesterday the maid met me at the door.

“Mr. Thommason,” she said, “some one with a bill was here yesterday.”

I glanced in the parlor and saw that the room was full of neighbors.

“Some one with a bill!” I queried; “was it the lawyer?”

“No,” answered Marie, with a smile, “it was the stork.”

I have since heard that some people say that the dialogue between the maid-servant and myself was arranged beforehand, so as to give out the impression in the neighborhood that I was a wit, but that’s a lie.—Indianapolis Sun.

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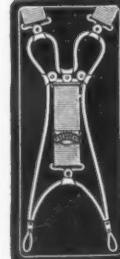
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—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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"ARE you willing to arbitrate?" asked the employer.
"Certainly," replied the walking delegate, "provided I am given a reasonable assurance that the decision will be in accordance with our way of thinking."—*Chicago Post*.

"DAVID of old said: 'A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.'"'

"That's where a merry heart and a fifteen-foot put are very much alike."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

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"This is Wall Street. It is the most celebrated of all our American watering-places."—*Our Dumb Animals*.

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"I HEAR that your club is going to give an entertainment. Do you think it will be a success?"

"Sure to be. We've arranged it so that every member is chairman of at least one committee."

—*Philadelphia Press*.

"PA," said Mrs. Methuselah to the oldest of her race, "I wish you'd speak to Abimelech. He's been pulling Bildad's hair again."

"Lemme see," quoth the patriarch; "how old is 'Bim now?"

"He's 247 his nex' birthday."

"Well, you must make allowances for th' boy, ma. He's young yet."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY

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A GOOD story is told of Mr. Jeff, who has just been appointed a judge of the High Court. On one occasion, when he was Recorder of Shrewsbury, a prisoner, who was something of a hypocrite, tried at a quarter sessions to melt his heart with tears. "Have you never been in prison?" asked Mr. Jeff in soothing tones.

"Never, my lord, never," was the reply.

"Well, don't cry," the Recorder replied. "That can easily be remedied. I'll send you there now."

—*London Globe*.



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LIFE'S ANECDOTE CONTEST.

LIFE will pay ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best anecdote, FIFTY DOLLARS for the second best anecdote, and TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the third best anecdote, subject to the following conditions:

1.—Anecdotes must not be longer than five hundred words, typewritten, on one side of paper only.

2.—No anecdote will be considered that has not been published in some book or volume, nor any anecdote that has appeared in the bound volumes of any periodical.

3.—There is no limit to the number of anecdotes that can be sent in by any one person. But no single contributor will be entitled to more than one prize.

4.—Every anecdote must contain in the upper right-hand corner of the first sheet the title of the volume from which it is copied, the name of the publisher and the date of the publication of the volume. Where date is not given, this should be stated by the words ("No date").

5.—The contributor's name and address should be written plainly on the back of each manuscript.

6.—The anecdotes should be addressed to "Anec-

doe Editor of LIFE, No. 19 West Thirty-first Street, New York," and should be accompanied in each case by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Otherwise the Editors will assume that in case of rejection the return of the manuscript is not desired, and it will be destroyed.

7.—Anecdotes will be read in the order received, and if there are duplicates, only the first will be considered.

8.—Any period in the world's history and any language can be drawn from, but if from a foreign language, anecdotes must be translated into English.

9.—The following definition from the Century Dictionary will govern the meaning of the word anecdote as applied to this contest:

A short narrative of a particular or detached incident or occurrence of an interesting nature; a biographical incident; a single passage of a private life.

10.—From the anecdotes received LIFE will publish the best. At the close of the contest the prizes will be awarded to the three contestants who, in the judgment of the Editors of LIFE, have contributed the best three anecdotes.

11.—The contest will close on February 1, 1902.

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" " 5½ x 8½ " 8 " 20 " "

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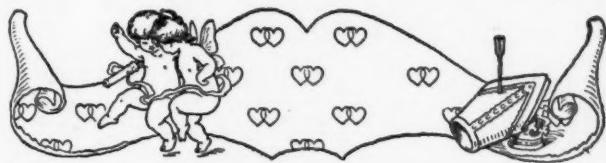


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